



SPARKS

P. F. WITHERSPOON

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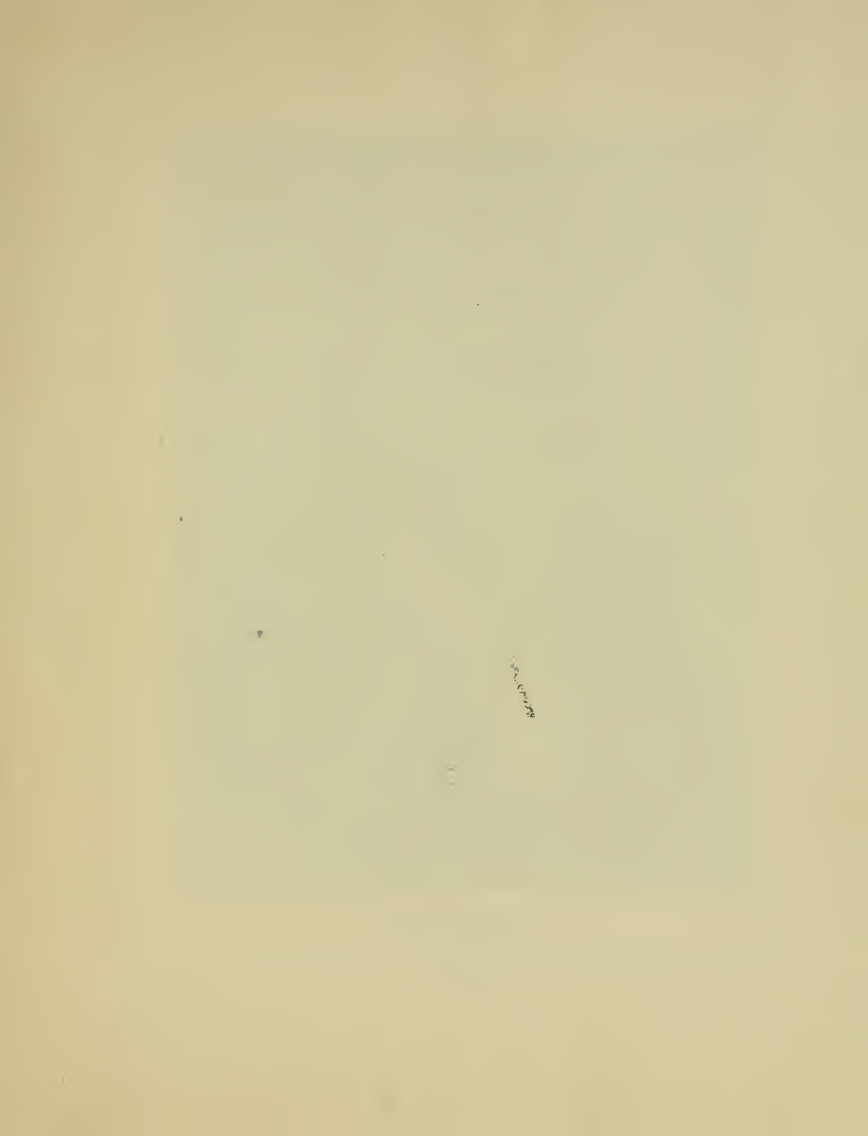
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





P. F. WITHERSPOON.

SPARKS



—BY—

P. F. WITHERSPOON



CINCINNATI
THE EDITOR PUBLISHING COMPANY
1899

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DEDICATION.

To her, who taught my infant lips to say
"Our Father;" who nightly knelt with me to pray
Beside my trundle-bed; who day and night,
E'en from the prime of life till hairs were white
With three-score years and more, gave me her life
Of widowhood, 'twixt earth and heaven a strife.
To stay with me or go and be with one,
Her loved and lost—around yon great White Throne.
Of myriads gathered for Eternity,
None there more bright, more fair, more pure than she,
My Mother.

To two, whose early lives with mine did blend
In one unbroken spell; too soon to end,
Alas, too soon. From Earth they passed away,
To that bright world where angel spirits stray.
And yet I feel that they are with me here,
Their smiles the same, their words to memory dear;
Their gentle influence lingers with me yet;
Two loved ones whom I never shall forget,—
My Sisters.

To one who tarries with me still; despite
The love and beauty of that world of light;
Despite the calls of those who've gone before,
Who call and beckon to the yonder shore;

She tarries here with me And it is well:
For how could one without the other dwell
On Earth? But by and by, to that bright shore,
I'll take her hand and gently lead her o'er,—
My loving Wife.

To all of those whose lives flow side by side
With mine; whose influence like a gentle tide
Makes pure the life, and lifts the soul above
The sordid joys of Earth; whose purest love,
Heart, hands, and lips to word and action given,
Leads on the soul from Earth to bliss of Heaven.
To these; to Mother, Sisters, dearest Wife:
And those; who make life what there is in life, —
To Woman,

This little book is dedicate.

LA GRANGE, GA.

May, 1899.

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

A time there was, but ne'er will be again,
When rhyme flowed freely from my nimble pen,
When thoughts that live and breathe, and words that tell,
Came like pure waters from some mountain dell.
But now the pen grows stiff, the heart grows old,
The thoughts that burned, forever have grown cold;
The channels from the mountain glen are dry,
And hopes that made life young seem doomed to die.
Well, be it so; such changes matter not;
Mine is none other than the human lot;
The tenderest ties, like new-born infant's breath,
Are soonest riven by the cruel hand of death.
And yet I would not break the lingering spell,
Nor to its joys and pleasures say farewell;
But sometimes even yet would humbly soar
On Pegasus, as in the days of yore;
On fearless wings of inspiration roam,
And 'mid the spirit worlds would find my home.

THE AUTHOR.

LA GRANGE, GA.

May, 1899.

THE MOUNTAIN RILL.

Like fairy dream
Of fancy born
At quiet evening tide,
A little stream
One bright May morn
Leaped down the mountain side.
Like maiden coy,
Or youthful bride
All flushed with joy
And girlish pride,
It glides along
With sportive song,
Seeking itself to hide.
Now here, now there,
Filling the air
With music sweet;
From crag it leaps
Adown the steeps,
A moment sleeps
Just at your feet;
Nor longer stays
To court your gaze;
But onward flows,
More rapid grows,
Till headlong goes,

SPARKS

Dashing,
Splashing,
Over-pouring,
Wildly roaring,
Down the mountain side.

'Twas beautiful! so gay, so bright,
So lovely fair;
Reflecting tints of Heaven's own light;
Free as the air,
Clear as the sky, pure as the snow,
Tinged with a meteoric glow
And colors gay;
Its beauty dazzled us awhile,
Then with a parting smile
It passed away.
Child of the azure sky,
Begotten of the sun,
Thy race is run;
Good-bye.

The rill passed on. It heeded not
The comments of these mortal men;
It knew the course of human lot
As here and there, as now and then,
And gone, gone, gone.
'Mid cliffs and crags of mountains wild
It roamed along, true nature's child,
Nor loitered by the way.
Feeling that life is all too short,
That duty leaves no time to sport
Or idle for a day,
It hastened on.

As thus it reached out toward its goal,
The love of nature filled its soul,
And love of nature's God—
When lo!
With rapid flow,
Forth from the mountain side there rushed
A mighty stream with ocean roar;
And white with spray its waters gushed
From cavern deep, the open door
To unknown depths of earth.
From cavern deep where ghouls have birth,
All freighted o'er
With mighty store
Of mystic lore
Of days of yore,
Its waters pour
From caverns deep and dark.
Its mighty numbers ceaseless roll,
Like the lone echoes of the soul;
Dost thou not hear them? Hark!
"A mighty hand, from an exhaustless urn,
Pours forth the never-ending flood of years.
A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,
Long, low, and distant, where the life that is,
Touches the life to come. The flood of years
Rolls toward it, near and nearer. It must pass
That dismal barrier. What is there beyond?"

"Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
O, make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;

And, cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old.
 "Amen."

The streamlet heard, and paused, abashed;
 And then,
On self-destruction bent,
 A moment flashed,
Then headlong dashed,
 Dashing,
 Lashing,
 Clashing,
 Splashing,
Down, down, still down, it went,
Beyond the reach of eye or ear,
Into a chasm, dark and drear,
 The chasm of despair;
 No mercy there;
The dying echo of its roar—
 And all is o'er.

Reader, thou hast the story of a life,
"Twixt duty and mere selfishness a strife,
 Pride and humility.
 Because one cannot be,
 In heaven's galaxy,
 A ruling sun,
 Then he'll be none.
And this I am to-day.
God help me now I pray,
 To live anew,
 To up and do

With all my power
From this good hour,
That when my course is run;
That when the Judgment Day shall come
And each must stand and hear his doom;
On that great day
The Judge may say:
"Well done;
Poor, trembling soul, come Home,
Come Home."

POESY.

Oh, cherish thou the gift divine;
Court oft the muse;
And into every word and line
Strive to infuse
The life and spirit of the happy past,
Those days of yore.
Perchance some thought, whose magic spell
Finds utterance there,
May thus in truth our story tell,
(God grant the prayer)
May wake to life an influence that shall last
Forevermore.

A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

I wander forth at eve
On the lone sea-shore, where the dark waves lash.
And the breakers roar, and the madcaps dash,

And the Storm-king holds his sway

In dreadful wrath.

By an adverse gale on the dark waves borne,
Is a lonely sail by the tempest torn

As she struggles on her way

In her homeward path.

O sailor brave, what arm can save?

The ocean wave will be thy grave;

Beneath the deep thou'lt sleep the sleep,

Thy long, lone sleep;

While hearts with pain and anguish torn

Shall watch, in vain, from dewy morn

Till dusky night for thy return;

And eyes, once bright, with tears shall burn,

Shall watch for thee and weep.

I look again at morn.

The skies are bright, no clouds are seen;

The sunbeams' light, with silvery sheen,

Fall on the wavelets of the sea,

Which kiss the shore beneath my feet

As glad once more their home to greet,

Then sink to rest in joy and peace.

And now is heard in sportive glee
That joyous bird, the sea-gull free,
 Soaring, fluttering far on high;
Then wings adroop, down, down they swoop,
 Like snow-flakes falling from the sky;
One moment lave 'neath the rippling wave,
Then soar away to join in play,
 And never cease.

But see, that lone sail's coming now!
The sunbeams play around her prow,
 The sea-breeze bends her graceful mast;
She nears the shore, her journey's o'er,
The storm is past, her anchor cast,
She's safe, she's safe, she's home at last.

Such is my life, so lonely here,
So full of strife, so dark, so drear,
No one my lonely heart to cheer.
O soldier brave, what arm is there
Thy soul to save from dark despair,
While tempests roar and billows roll,
And trials sore beset the soul?
Oh say, what arm with mighty power
Shall save from harm in this dread hour,
From fiery dart and wicked art
Of the Storm-king of the human heart?

There comes a voice from the mighty deep,
When the storm is hushed and the billows sleep:—
"Mine is the power, mine the will,
Mine the voice the storm can still.
Trust thou in me and fear no ill,
Thy staff I'll be and comfort still."

O God, I trust in Thee. Be Thou my friend,
And guide my frail bark to its journey's end;
Nor let me from Thy precepts wander far,
Thy Word my Compass, and thy Cross my Star.

(On Picket. 21st Ala. Cedar Point, below Mobile. Feby., '64)

GOOD-BYE.

Where'er I be, where'er I roam,
My spirit free still turns to thee
And to loved ones at home;
Still whispers oft in tones so soft
That every heart-string feels the thrill;
Still tells of one now far and lone,
And bids thee bless the wanderer still.
Then fare thee well. Where'er I go
My heart with love for thee shall burn.
And when
At evening hour
This spirit-power
Shall bind thee with its secret spell,
Join with me there in fervent prayer,
To Heaven, for my return;
And feel and know
I'm with thee then.

(Camp Fisher, Va. March 14, '61.)

"THE OLD MAN'S HOME."

On a sea-girt isle, in the morning gray,
I watch the wavelets kiss the shore;
I watch the mad-caps' feathery spray,
And list the billowy breakers' roar;
Dashing, splashing, ever lashing,
Glad to meet the strand once more;
Meeting, greeting, ever beating,
On the island shore.

As one by one the strand they lave,
Then ripple back to their Ocean home
To sink beneath in their deep down grave,
Or in trackless path for aye to roam;
Methinks in their murmurs sad and drear,
So like my own heart's pensive strain,
As they kiss the shore this voice I hear:
"We meet, we meet, but to part again."

'Tis the quiet hour, of day the last,
For thought and fancy ever blest,
When cares of anxious day are past,
And wearied nature sinks to rest.
The clouds float lightly o'er the sky,
The sun is sinking in the west,
His beams fall softly on the eye,
Reflected from the Ocean's breast.

Dipping, tipping, ever sipping,
Thus the sunbeams lave,
Suing, wooing, ever ruing,
Kissing every wave.

And as he sets, each parting ray
Gilding the waves with golden sheen,
In silent sadness seems to say:
"We meet, we meet, to part again."

And thus it is from morn till eve;
Life is a stage of scenes unknown,
Joys come and go, hopes oft deceive,
We grasp at pleasure and 'tis gone.
Yes, joy and pain at once we sip,
One breath says "howdy," and "good-bye;"
The greeting kiss scarce fades the lip
Ere parting tears bedim the eye.
Meeting, greeting, ever fleeting;
Like a wakeful dream,
Starting, darting, ever parting,
On life's rapid stream.

Life is a stage, a scene, a dream;
A dream undreamed, a tale untold;
Things are not always what they seem,
For all that glitters is not gold.
To-day we yield to pleasure's power,
To-morrow brings us care and pain;
For change is stamped on every hour,
"We meet, we meet, but to part again."

Do pleasures then like bubbles burst
Upon the lips that would caress?

Then whence this burning, harrowing thirst,
This longing after happiness?
Why grasps the soul at every joy,
Why sports around each luring flame,
If pleasure's but a brittle toy,
If hope is but an empty name;
If life is ever on the wing,
And all things hasting to decay;
If hopes that bloom in earliest spring
Like roses soonest fade away;
If love is but a fickle ray,
A Will o' the Wisp, a meteor bright,
That lures us on like summer day
To leave us in the gloom of night?
Tasting, hasting, ever wasting
All things bright and fair;
Bending, pending, ever wending,
Tending to despair.

Then who could bear the bitter fate,
The aching breast, the bleeding heart,
Which scarce has learned to know its mate,
And love her, ere they're forced to part?
Oh, who could bear life's weary hours
Of cheering hopes, of torturing fears,
Of once bright, but now faded flowers,
The severed ties of long, long years?
Or who those ties would reunite,
Or trust again Love's brittle chain?
Who see Hope's web so often blight,
Yet "spin the bright tissue again?"

Ah, life is not an idle dream,
A thing "when happiest soonest o'er,"
For just beyond the whirling stream
I see the shore, the golden shore.
There all is sunshine, naught is gloom,
No tear to dim the love-lit eye;
There hopes, fond hopes, immortal bloom,
And loving hearts shall never die.

Some on life's surface gaily ride
And chase each bubble as they go,
Nor seem to think its wayward tide
Leads on to wretchedness and woe.
While others "strive to stem the flood,"
And beat across the downward wave
To that bright shore, home of the good,
Home of the true, the pure, the brave:
And as they near the Happy Land,
A glad shout greets them from the shore,
The welcome shout of an angel band:
"We meet, we meet, to part no more."

Then forward, onward, ever homeward,
To the golden shore;
Meeting, greeting, never fleeting,
Meeting there to part no more.

(Prisoner on Ship Island. Nov. '64.
On the fly-leaves of *The Old Man's Home*, a little book presented by Mrs.
Mary E. Randall, of New Orleans.)

"EMMA STAR."

Long years ago I loved a lass
With slender form and graceful air,
And rosy cheeks and ruby lips,
And sparkling eyes and glossy hair ;
Her name was Emma Star.

Her form was like the mountain sylph's,
Her hair was that of fairy queen ;
Yet timid as the wild-wood fawn,
The sweetest blush that e'er was seen
Was the blush of Emma Star.

Her cheeks were red with glow of youth,
Her lips were soft as dewy night,
Her eyes were like two "chincapins"
Bathed in a sea of liquid light—
The eyes of Emma Star.

Star of my destiny, my life,
Star of my boyhood's every dream,
Star of life's morn, so fair, so bright ;
Gliding adown youth's wayward stream.
I worshiped Emma Star.

Time flies, life ebbs : on all things else
Change his unchanging seal has set ;
Long years have gone, that self-same light
Beams o'er my wandering pathway yet—
The Love of Emma Star.

Sunshine or storm, or night or day,
 'Mid smiles of joy or sorrow's tears,
Bright in my boyhood's fancy dreams,
 Still brighter in my manhood's years—
 The Love of Emma Star.

Star of my boyhood's early love,
 Star of my manhood's sterner life,
May ne'er a cloud o'ershade thy life.
 My loving, fond, and faithful wife—
 My own dear Emma Star.

“Battery B.” Mobile, Feby. 14, 1865.

NEW YEAR GREETING.

As loving-hearted, merry and gay
The mocking-bird sits in the month of May,
Sits in his bower and warbles away
His beautiful song all the livelong day:

As loving-hearted, happy and free
The humming-bird flits, in his sportive glee,
From flower to flower and from tree to tree,
Flitting along so thoughtlessly:

As loving-hearted, faithful and true,
The innocent dove with his softest coo
His mate to his side would so fondly woo,
So my spirit comes, my loved one, to you.

Comes in the morn with the dawn's early light,
Comes in the noon with the sunshine so bright,
Comes in the eve with the soft, stilly night,
Comes, with thy spirit a true love to plight.

Comes with its fond hopes, comes with its fears,
Comes with its sunshine, comes with its tears,
Comes with its happiness, comes with its sorrow,
Comes with the hope of a bright day to-morrow.

Comes when oppressed with a burden of care,
Comes when weighed down to the brink of despair,
Comes when o'erwhelmed with the billows of grief,
Comes then to thy spirit to seek for relief.

Comes when thy spirit is thoughtful and sad,
Comes then my spirit thy spirit to glad;
Comes when thy lone heart is trembling with fear,
Comes then my spirit thy lone heart to cheer.

Yes, whatever my lot, where'er I may be,
By day or by night, on land or on sea,
In sadness and sorrow, or blithesome and free,
My spirit is coming, still coming to thee.

Then come at my spirit's call, come, oh come;
While the stars are lighting the heaven's blue dome;
Through all those bright worlds together we'll roam
And find for our twin spirits in Heaven a Home.

THE SOLDIER'S LAST FAREWELL.

(In his lady-love's album for my friend, Willie Martin, Sergeant Co. E, 21st Ala., afterwards killed by my side in a rifle-pit at Spanish Fort.)

"Farewell. It may be long ere we shall meet again as we have met."

Yes, fare thee well, and when thou'rt far away,
And memory round thy soul has thrown her spell,
Then grant one fond, one lingering thought may stray
Back to this heart which bids thee now, farewell.

Yes, breathe one earnest wish, one faithful prayer,
Which o'er my heart, with talismanic power,
Shall shed the sweets of heaven's own native air,
And cheer me on in every lonely hour.

It may be long ere we shall meet again,
And yet I would not be by thee forgot,
One lasting link I'd weave in memory's chain,
One charm to whisper still, forget me not.

Then let this tribute be that mystic link
Binding thy spirit to the happy past:
Look often on 'this page and fondly think
Of one who'll love thee long as life shall last.

Dark clouds now shade my life, and darker yet
The hand of fate may write my destiny:
One light shall ne'er grow dim, one star ne'er set,
That light, that star, the love I bear to thee.

Then go, and fare thee well, my friend;
I would not have thee stay 'mid scenes of strife,
Where rage and madness all their furies blend
And poison all the sweetest streams of life.

May smiles of heaven like sunbeams round thee play,
May joy like flowers in spring-time round thee bloom,
May life to thee be one long summer's day,
Freighted with pleasure, free from every gloom.

And when in quiet eve, when none is near,
My spirit passes by in memory's train,
Then think of me and breathe this fervent prayer,
"Neath brighter skies may we soon meet again."

(Her family left Mobile for the interior, and they two met no more.)

DEATH IN PRISON.

(Found dead in his bunk in Picayune Press, N. O., Private Shepherd,
21st Ala., Aug. 9, 1864.)

In the lone prison wall, on the still Sabbath night,
We had gathered us all round the taper's dim light,
While the minister told,
With a tear on his cheek, (that mute voice of the heart
Which no tongue can e'er speak and no language impart)
That sweet story of old:

Of the Savior who died, guilty sinners to save
From the dark rolling tide and wide gasping grave
Of eternal despair;
Of his beautiful home in the mansions above,
Where he bids us all come, and with heart full of love
Waits to welcome us there.

Oh, how sweet thus to feel the blessed Spirit of grace
With his influence steal through this singular place,
From the wide world shut in;
And full many a soul with its burden of grief
'Neath that Spirit's control did here find relief
From the power of sin.

But one there was here who joined in the song
And the spirit of prayer, who was destined e'er long
To that home to be shown;
For the morning light broke with its health-giving air,
But he never awoke—his dead body was there,
But his spirit had flown.

No mother stood by him to list his last sigh,
No sister was nigh him, none to close his bright eye,
Bright and sparkling no more.
Not a comrade was near his last moments to watch,
His last wishes to hear, his last whisper to catch
On the storm-beaten shore.

But all lonely and lone in the still hours of night,
Not a pain, not a groan, he crossed o'er with delight,
And by angels was borne,
With a smile in his eye and good-bye on his lips,
To that home in the sky where the light ever drips
With the dews of the morn.

Yes, his lips seemed to say: "Tell my friends I have crossed
To that bright world of day where the soul is ne'er tossed,
Nor from loved ones be-driven;
My wife, ah 'twill grieve you my sad story to tell,
'Tis hard thus to leave you, thus to bid you farewell,
But I'll meet you in heaven."

Then his body we bore to its coffin of pine,
And we joined as before in the music divine
And the spirit of prayer;
But he knew not a word that the minister said,
Nor the sweet music heard as we stood round the dead
Coldly slumbering there.

Not a dirge sad and lone, not a step to keep pace,
All alone he was borne to his last resting place,
Of life's journey the end.
Ah, my life shall grow old, and its sun shall be set,
And this heart shall grow cold, e'er I ever forget
The sad death of my friend.

THE RAINBOW IN PRISON.

(A complete arch, one end resting on the ground between us and the outer wall; the other extending far out into Dixie.)

Thou beautiful Rainbow, thou emblem of Love,
How oft have I gazed on thine exquisite form,
As it spanned in its archway the heavens above,
And betokened the sunshine in spite of the storm.

How once as I watched at the door of my cot,
 From my dearly loved home, my own Sylvan home
Of all of Earth's Edens, the loveliest spot,
 I gazed on thy beauty lighting heaven's dark dome.

With my arm round the form of the one I love best,
 Her hand on my shoulder, the other in mine,
Of the claims of the world I forgot all the rest,
 Enamoured of Beauty, I knelt at her shrine.

I studied thy colors, the purest of light,
 So softly relieved by the dark sombre sky,
Then studied her features so joyous and bright,
 And looked down in the depths of her liquid eye.

Enchanted and spell-bound, a suppliant I bowed
 To the Goddess of Beauty; and scarcely could tell
At which of her shrines I most fervently vowed
 Or which priestess I worshiped, I loved both so well.

I gazed on thy loveliness, then on her own;
 I looked at thine archway, then at her form:
A smile lit her features—the victory was won,
 She had all of thy sunshine and none of thy storm,

Thou beautiful Rainbow, thou emblem of Hope,
 With thine arms round the world, and thy center
 on high,
As if dangling the earth in thy wonderful scope
 With a ribbon of light from the dome of the sky.

How oft have I watched thee, thou delicate arch,
 Thou creature of light, hanging out in the sky
O'er the path of the sun in his triumphal march,
 Till the storm-king was hushed, and the clouds had
 passed by.

Thus when dark clouds of doubt had come over the soul
 And the hopes that were anchored to earth had been
 riven,
When the wild tempests toss and the dark billows roll,
 Thine arch spans the sky like the gateway of heaven.

Thou beautiful Rainbow, thou emblem of Faith,
 How sweet are the lessons I gather from thee,
As I hear in thy beauty that voice as it saith:—
 “Fear not, I am with thee where'er thou mayst be.

“At home or away, on the sea, on the shore,
 In the sunlight of joy, or on sorrow's dark tide,
When the wild billows rage, and the mad tempests roar,
 Still I shall be with thee, thy guard and thy guide.

“When cut off from all of earth that is dear.
 From home and its loved ones, from children and
 wife,
From friends and companions, from kindred so near,
 Shut out from earth's beauties till weary of life;

“Then turn thine eye upward, and gaze with delight
 On the beauties of heaven, the home of the blest.
Where hearts here dissevered by death's cruel blight
 Shall be mingled again and forever at rest.”

Thou beautiful Rainbow, thou emblem of Peace,
 Thou dost light up the sky 'mid the storm and the rain,
Thou dost point to the time when this warfare will cease
 And the blessings of Heaven smile on us again.

With one arm in my prison and one at my home,
 Thou dost bridge o'er the space 'twixt hearts near
 and dear;
How glad o'er thine archway my spirit would roam
 And meet with my loved ones, their lone hearts to
 cheer.

Or I'd whisper a message, a special dispatch,
 I'd send o'er thy love-line a telegram true,
In letters of Beauty, her bright eyes to catch:
 "I love you, my dearie, I love only you."

Thou beautiful Rainbow, thou emblem of Heaven.
 I welcome thee here, thou sweet friend of my heart;
Thou comest when my soul by dark tempest is driven,
 Bright hope to awaken, and peace to impart.

Long years shall roll onward, life's sun shall be set,
 And the night of the grave its dark sable pall
Shall spread o'er my pathway, ere I ever forget
 Thy visit, my sweet friend, to this lone prison wall.

Then stay, thou bright vision, oh fade not away,
 Let me gaze on thy beauty and live in thy light,
Till my soul growing purer, day after day,
 Shall reflect thine own image, all peerless and bright.

But no, thou art fading, fast fading from view,
Like all of earth's pleasures thou'rt passing away;
And I gaze with regret on thy last lingering hue
As it tinges the cloud like the sunset's last ray.

But the clouds too are gone and the storm now is o'er.
And the sky far above me is cloudless and clear.
Ah, 'tis thus when the storm clouds of sorrow may lower,
And the earth seems the darkest, that heaven is near.

Then welcome afflictions, and sorrows, and tears;
And welcome the trials through which we may come;
And welcome the dark clouds of doubts and of fears;
If they bring us thus nearer to Heaven, our home.

Yes, I welcome you all, I fear not your power,
Though all may be darkness, around and above;
I hail you with pleasure, if in the dark hour
I can see but the Rainbow of Mercy and Love.

Soon the clouds will be past, and the storm will be o'er,
Earth's journey be finished and life have its end,
And my soul find its home where storms are no more,
In the home of the Savior, the sinner's best friend.

THE FORT GAINES PRISONER.

(Military Prison. Picayune Press. N. O.)

'Twas night,
And o'er the Crescent City reigned supreme
The power of sleep: while all the living stream,
Which through the veins and arteries thrilled
Of this great thoroughfare, awhile was stilled
As if in death. No voice was heard; no sound,
Save the slow tread of guardsmen stationed round
A dusky wall, which formed the living grave
Of patriots, who their native land to save
From thralldom worse than abject slavery, dared
The combined powers of earth defy; who shared
The toils of war, and nobly now endured
Its deepest dregs, in prison walls immured.

The bells long since had chimed the midnight hour;
And famished hearts and limbs bespoke the power
Of "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep."
In dreams of home and loved ones, still to keep
Her sway o'er man, e'en in a prison wall:
For now the prisoners slept; but no, not all.
One heart there was, God knows how many more
There may have been, one heart with sorrow sore;
One mind weighed down with cares that seethed the brain
And filled the heart with racking, aching pain,
Till nature failed, and tears which long had slept,
Crept down the furrowed cheek; the soldier wept.

And wherefore wept? what grief can wring the tears
From that stern heart inured by test of years
To toils of camp and battle's fearful strife?
Can it be thought of loved and lovely wife,
Who now the lonely night-long watch must keep,
Beside the trundle-bed where sweetly sleep
Two fair-haired boys, as bright as e'er were seen,
And prattling little girl, the sweet Pauline?
And ever and anon with half affright
The mother gazes out into the night,
Listening perchance some warning sound may come
To tell of vicious foe who seeks her home
With hell-invented weapons, fire and hate—
Oh God, in mercy spare her such a fate.
Then kneeling by the loved ones nestled there,
She clasps her hands in fervent, faithful prayer,
That God would save her country, and restore
Her husband to her longing arms once more.
Was it such scene before his fancy swept?
Ah no, all this was his; but not for this he wept.

Can it be thought of downtrod native land
Struggling in grasp of wicked tyrant's hand?
Cast off by friends, down-trodden by the foe,
She cries for help in this the hour of woe,
Calls on her sons with her last faltering breath,
To gather round and save her from this death.
And now from every glen and mountain home,
From hill and vale, they cry: "We come, we come.
On to the rescue, on; and nobly dare
Our land to save, or else her ruin share."

Half million hearts are on her altar laid,
Half million heroes grasp the battle blade,
While now is heard the dreadful clang of strife;
Foe against foe, battling for dearest life;
"Oh God," he cries, "is there no power to save,
No arm to shield the fortunes of the brave!
Oh Thou, who rulest the destinies of men,
And seest all in one infinite ken,
Shall wrong o'er right shall vice o'er virtue reign,
In this, the confines of thine own domain?
And must it be that I thus far away
From friends and comrades, in these walls must stay,
Whilst they are struggling on the battle plain,
For rights which lost can ne'er be won again?
Oh bitter fate, too hard to bear! Oh grief,
To which e'en death itself were sweet relief!
Oh God of justice, hear, in mercy hear!
Oh God of love, my bleeding country spare!"
Were these the thoughts that racked the man of years,
Opening afresh the fount of childhood's tears?
Was it for this he wept? All this was his,
Enough for which to weep; but no, 'twas not for this.

'Twas not for this? Then tell, we pray, what grief,
What woe unheard, what pang beyond relief
Can yet be his, can yet befall the lot
Of frail humanity? Ah no, 'twas not
That he was lost to friends and kindred near,
Lost to his home, to wife and children dear,
Lost to his country, nor could hear her cry
In this the hour of her extremity.

Ah no, 'twas not that he had toiled in vain,
Had spent long wintry nights of cold and rain
On the bare ground, or stood 'neath sultry sun
Till nature's strength o'ertasked, her powers outdone,
Disease lays hold and claims him as her own,
So that with frenzied brain and feverish tone,
Upon his lonely bed, all racked with pain,
He fights his battles o'er and o'er again.
Calls for his mother, calls for sister dear,
Alas! no mother there, no sister near.
Calls then again, and begs, but begs in vain,

His head to lave, to ease his torturing pain.
Alas! no mother's ear hears his distress;
No tear-dimmed eye to watch, no lips to press
His pallid brow; no soft, white hand to lave
The burning temples which with frenzy rave.
Calls for his darling wife, calls her by name,
"One drink of water, love, to quench this flame,
This parching thirst, to cool this throbbing brow."
Alas, no darling wife is near him now,
No gentle hand to soothe, none to caress,
No eye to pity and no lips to bless.

'Twas not that he and his had fought in vain
Against the minioned host that filled the plain:
For days and nights had kept them at arm's length
Though numbering five to one in point of strength,
Until on all sides, on the Gulf and Bay,
The iron fleet was drawn in proud array,
Numbering in guns two hundred to our - none.
Knowing that all was done that could be done,

Resistance was but self-destruction now,
With tear-dimmed eyes and stubborn wills we bow
To fate's behest. Our country's flag they lower:
Their "stars and stripes" run up; while cannon's roar
Proclaims, "Fort Gaines is lost, Fort Gaines is lost:"
Still echoing through our hearts, "lost, lost, lost."

But this it was: that after all he'd borne,
From wife and friends, from home and country torn,
And after having toiled through all in vain,
His country's rights and honor to maintain,
By overpowering numbers forced to yield,
For want of arms to quit the bloody field,
That those to whom he looked for sympathy
Should brand him, and consign to infamy
His character, as traitor, coward, knave,
Unworthy to associate with the brave;
Denying even the humblest soldier's meed,
A country's gratitude for well-done deed.

Ah who, but knows ingratitude's sharp sting
With all the poisons that around it cling,
And who, but feels its keen and poignant smart
Piercing like barbed arrow to the heart,
Its power can tell? To love a child too well,
To feel her influence, with a magic spell,
Like tender tendril twining round the heart,
Till of one's very self she forms a part:
Day after day, year after year, to kiss
Her cheeks of innocence, nor ever wish
That she has grown to womanhood; to press
Her angel form, her ruby lips caress,

Till twined around the heart, with viper's fang
Of base ingratitude she sends a pang
Through every vein of limb and quivering frame,
Poisoning the heart whence her own being came;
Poor ingrate, like the mistletoe, she dries
The source of her own life-blood, and then—dies.

Ah, worse than winter snow or summer heat,
And worse than loss of friends and friendship sweet,
And worse than e'en this life in prison wall,
Is this, "the most unkindest cut of all,"
When friendly hand armed with the poisoned steel
Strikes to the heart the wound it ne'er can heal.
Ah yes, of all ingratitude the worst,
Most bitter, most unkind, to be accursed
By one's own country, from her bosom hurled,
An outcast on the sneering, scorning world,
Unfit to live, unfit to be a slave,
Scorned by the coward, pitied by the brave;
"Oh God," he cries, "if I am right, defend:
If wrong, then mercy show, forgiveness lend;
Press me not down to death, mercy, forbear,
It mads my brain, it drives me to despair."

Oh strong man, rouse thee from thy grief,
There yet is hope, there yet is one relief:
Thy country calls, in agony she calls;
On to the rescue, ere she bleeding falls.
Rush to her Standard, snatch it from the earth,
And swear, ah, swear by her who gave thee birth,
By wife and children dear, by graves of sires,
By all that's dear of earth, by fond desires

And cherished hopes which in the future lie,
Oh, swear for her to live, or with her die.

Up from thy grief, and on the battle plain
Thou yet shalt live to wipe away this stain,
To give the lie to knights of pen and ink,
Brave knights, who fain would have the country think
Themselves its sole defence 'gainst every wrong.
Sanctum Sanctorum, double casemate strong,
Bear witness while the daring deeds we tell
Of those brave knights who in your castles dwell:—
They forge the bolts of muffled thunder dread,
With choler, bile, and indignation red;
And shells with spit-fire filled, from air-guns hurled,
Whizzing and fizzing and bursting o'er the world,
'Till the whole universe moves on in fear

Of dormant powers, torpedoes slumbering there.
Brave knights! they battle in imagination.
And at one stroke o'erwhelm the whole creation;
One stroke of pen, not sword; no, by my song,
Swords to their line of business don't belong;
Weapons they use peculiar to their trade,
And charge with bombast, fustian, and tirade,
Beating e'en Samson, if you'd hear them tell,
With that fierce weapon which he used so well.
At once to earth a thousand men he hurled;
With the same weapon they've oft whipped the world.
And so they snort, and so they madly rage,
Like some huge beast confined in iron cage.
The tempest boils and boils, until, alas!
The teapot bursts, when out comes a—bag of gas,
Or what you please, so you don't spoil my rhyme.

And so we'll let them rage. There comes a time,
"When Peace on earth will hold her gentle sway,
And man forget his fellow-man to slay;"
When truth and love and justice will prevail
O'er every foe that dares their rights assail;
When honest worth and merit will decide
Who sinks beneath, who rides upon the tide
Of public favor. Then the world will know,
Then history, the great statute-book will show,
Who was a patriot, and who not. Then fame
A niche will give to each immortal name;
A niche within her temple's sacred hall;
A niche wrought out in solid marble wall,
By days and years of honest toil and strife
For virtue, honor, liberty, and life.

Within this hall e'en now methinks we see
The names and forms bright in futurity.
There in that lofty arch, in bold relief,
You see the loved form of our warrior chief.
While round him cluster an illustrious throng
Of braves, who would claim homage of my song
Did time permit. Braves did I say? ah, braves:
Whose deeds will live despite oblivion's waves.
When names of meaner men forgotten lie,
Their names will live, "they were not born to die."

But time forbids, we leave this sacred hall—
Stop, see, what niche is this in outer wall,
With bars closed up like some lone felon's cell?
What statue strange is this? for mercy tell.
Oh, this is the niche of would-if-he-could-be-Jove,
Him who with borrowed thunder vainly strove

To rule the universe. This niche he wrought:
The "ruling passion strong in death," he thought
That all would like to see him as they pass,
Dictator of the tea-pot, poor—bag of gas.

No more the lion brays with split-quill calls,
He's tabled here, and here the curtain falls.
Peace to his bones, and specially his jaw-bone,
As to his soul, all's easy, for he had none.

"NOW LET ME SLEEP, MAMA."

(Last words of little Percy Lockhart. Pontotoc, Miss.)

"Mother, oh mother, I'm weary to-night.
I'm weary of sunshine, weary of light,
Weary of darkness, of night's dreary pall;
I'm weary to-night, mother, weary of all.
Then lay me again in my soft trundle bed,
Smoother down the pillow under my head,
Then by my bedside your soft vigils keep:
Now let me sleep, mother, now let me sleep;
Mother, mother, now let me sleep.

"Brush back the locks of my light glossy hair,
Place your soft hand on my temple so fair;
Press those fond lips to my feverish cheek,
And words of sweet cheer to my faint heart speak.
Speak to me kindly, speak words of joy,
Tell me you love me, call me your boy:

Then by my bedside your soft vigils keep,
Now let me sleep, mother, now let me sleep.

Mother, mother, now let me sleep.

"Yes, gaze once again in my liquid eye,
Reflecting from heaven like the evening sky;
The most beautiful tints are ever the last,
And the brighter they seem the sooner they're past.
Then gaze once again ere my eyelids close
And the heart sinks to rest in its calm repose.
Then by my bedside your soft vigils keep,
Now let me sleep, mother, now let me sleep;
Mother, mother, now let me sleep."

Then place on his bosom the roses rare,
Brush back the locks of his light glossy hair,
Imprint the warm kiss on his cold marble brow,
And speak in soft whisperings—he heeds not now.
In the churchyard lone where the dark willows wave,
Lay him away in the cold, silent grave.

Where angels around him soft vigils shall keep;
There let him sleep, mother, there let him sleep;
Mother, mother, there let him sleep.

And oh, when the storms on life's ocean shall roll
Their billows of care o'er thy sorrowing soul,
Then think of the love-light that beamed from his eye,
And look from this dark world to Heaven's blue sky,
Where all is so happy, so bright, and so fair,
And know that thy loved one is waiting thee there.
No sickness, no sorrow, no vigils to keep,
No more to sleep, mother, no more to sleep;
"Never, never, never to sleep."

TO PAULINE.

(Scattering flowers on the grave of little Percy.)

Bring flowers, bring flowers, for the beautiful dead,
Bring flowers to strew o'er his narrow bed,
They are blooming in beauty and sweetness now;
Bring flowers, fresh flowers for his marble brow,
For his lily white hand and his glossy hair:
It is meet they should fade in their beauty there.

Bring flowers, bring flowers, for the beautiful dead;
Bring flowers to strew o'er his lonely bed,
Where the moonbeams play with trembling light,
And the stars look down in the soft still night,
Let their fragrance float out on the silent air,
It is meet they should waste their sweetness there.

Bring flowers, bring flowers, for thine earliest love,
Whose spirit has gone to the bright world above.
Has burst from its home in the cold, worthless clay
Which 'neath the lone sod now goes to decay.
Bring flowers, bring flowers, for the loved one now gone,
Bring flowers, bright flowers, to fade here alone.

Ah, often in childhood together you've played,
Ah, oft through the garden and orchard you've strayed,
With hand joined in hand, through long happy hours,
Forgetting all else, you've gathered the flowers;
The flowers are withered, the bright hours are fled,
Bring flowers, white flowers, for the early dead.

SISTER.

“Sister,” what magic charm hangs round the name,
What fire mysterious thrills my very frame;
Breathes o’er my soul a sense of joy complete,
Of happiness, for heaven and angels meet.
Star of Love’s canopy the brightest, best;
Soul-beacon, guide to an eternal rest.
Should e’er the world grow cold, and heartless prove,
I’ll hie me to that home, a sister’s love.

Would I could live with thee thus ever near,
Would I could love thee still; nor hope, nor fear,
But thou wouldst share or soothe; nor joy, nor pain,
But thy young heart would image forth again.
Yet such can never be; this happy state
Must change beneath the iron hand of fate;
That loving heart was never made for me,
We part, we part, such is our destiny.

Some unknown one will woo thee to his side,
Ere long will claim thee as his gentle bride;
Will tear thee from thy brother’s aching breast—
No more; I bow, ’tis all-wise Heaven’s behest.
And this, then, is our lot, it must be so;
Thy happiness demands it, dear one go.
For all that’s fair on earth, that’s dear above,
I would not stay thee from the bliss of Love.

Yet oftamid life's sunny spots and shade,
This heart will fill with thoughts of Sister dear;
And ah, should sorrow e'er thy soul invade,
Turn to this heart and say, my home is here.
And when for us the sands of time are run,
And when these ever changing scenes are o'er,
And when we view on earth life's setting sun,
We'll meet in Heaven, and meet to part no more.

(Sylvan Home, Miss.)

WINNIE DAVIS.

(September 18th, 1898.)

While the leaves are sadly shading,
In the forests slowly fading,
'Neath the autumn sky;
Now the time for farewell parting
In the hour of homeward starting,
E'en the time to die.

Daughter! how we did adore thee,
As we loved thy sire before thee,
Vision fleet and fair!
In the home of God, the giver,
Soldiers, when we cross the river,
WINNIE DAVIS will be there.

ACROSTIC.

Emma darling,	Emma dear,
Mine to cherish,	Mine to cheer,
Mine to win and	Mine to woo,
Always happy,	Always true.
Fickle hearts may	For awhile,
Unsuspected,	Us beguile.
Love me, dearest,	Love me, wife,
Thine I'll be, love,	Throughout life.

(Picayune Press. Oct. 1st, 1864.)

THE SAN JACINTO FLAG.

Come, Veterans, here in one great throng
Convened from near and far,
Come, one and all, join in my song
Of the flag with a single star,
“Hurrah, hurrah, for the Bonnie Blue Flag, hurrah!
Hurrah for the San Jacinto Flag,
That bears a single star!”

Your heads are white, your bodies stooped
And rough with many a scar;
But here's your flag that never drooped,
The flag with a single star.

A band of brothers now are you,
Of heroes famed in war,
And soldiers all well tried and true
Of the flag with the single star.

We sing it without boast or brag,
Your names immortal are,
With this your San Jacinto Flag
That bears the single star.

Flag of our fathers, doubly dear,
None can thy glory mar;
One loud hurrah, one rousing cheer
For the Flag with the single star.

(Sung for the Veterans, by Little Pauline, at their Paris Reunion. The old soldiers went wild with excitement, and crowded the stage.)

THE HAUNTED POND.

The summer sun was beaming down
One sultry July day,
As all alone I jogged along
My tiresome, lonesome way.

A shady mill-pond near the road,
Good luck, I chanced to spy;
And lighting from my weary steed,
"Now for a swim," said I.

My green silk suit and garskin cap
I donned with easy grace.
Then sank into the water clear
As 'twere my native place.

Full half an hour had passed away,
A fisherman I spied;
Into a little nook I swam
Beneath the bank to hide.

'Twas freedman with his pole and line,
Whistling a merry tune,
And straying from the neighboring mill
To spend his hour at noon.

Now pole and line, and hook and bait,
Are all arranged so quite;
And on the bank he takes his seat
Just waiting for a bite.

Beneath the water then I sank,
With scarce a stir or sound,
And in a trice right at his feet
I came up with a bound.

My garskin cap, my dripping beard,
My wildly staring eyes!
One rebel yell, you should have heard
That frightened darkey's cries.

Down to the mill he took his flight,
His story to relate;
And well I knew 'twould not be long
That I should have to wait.

- Excited voices soon I heard
Approaching from the mill;
Into my nook beneath the bank
I slipped, so sly and still.
- "Sambo, you's sho you seed him dar?
Now boy don't tell me lie."
"Seed him, Dad Joe, den if I aint,
I hopes dis nigger'll die.
- "Seed him, I did; you bet your life.
Seed him and heerd him too.
He wunk his eye, he grit his teeth,
I gos! dis nigger flew."
- "I know jis what it is," says Joe;
"I'se seed de berry same
Down on Pedee, in Souf Caline;
De Marmaid, dat's de name."
- "No sir," said Sam, "dat wa'nt no maid;
Dat was a grown up man;
His beard was longer 'an Marse Jim's
His face was mighty tan.
- "His skin was green like lizard's skin,
His head looked like 'er eel's;
And when he grinds dem teef, good land,
Dis nigger show his heels."
- "I b'liebe Sam's skeered till yit," says one,
"He's feered to githis pole."
"You don't git me down dar," says Sam
"I aint gwine nigh dat hole."

"Dad Joe's skeered too," another said,
"For all you hearn him say
He's seed dese t'ings, he's ready now
Fust man to run away."

"It aint no sich; you 'sultin chap
To talk 'bout ole man so."—
"Well dat's all right; but jis de same
You is afeered to go."

"No sich," says Joe—"Den show yo'self,
Go down and git a drink."—
This was a trump. The old man stared,
And came down near the brink.

He took the cane and lashed the waves.
"Say, Marmaid, whar you go?"
"He's way down under," Sambo says,
"Feel deep down, Daddy Joe."

"He's further out, ole man," says he,
"Dat bout de place he been."
Just then I rose with a wild yell
And jerked the old man in.

He grabbed a root; I pulled and tugged;
But bravely he swung on;
The 'spender broke; I had the pants
But Daddy Joe was gone.

In a short while I neared the mill
And rode up to the crowd;
Old Joe was standing in the midst,
And talking wild and loud.

He told the manly fight he made
And with a victor's tones
He showed the print of monstrous teeth
That well nigh crushed his bones.

And then he showed his bloody shirt
And limbs with many a scratch;
All which, I thought, might be the work
Of some wild-briar patch.

But when he came to name the thing,
"I swan by dis ole hat
Of all dem t'ings in Souf Caline,
Nebber was one like dat." —

The years rolled on. I passed again
This pond in summer time;
Its banks were thick with briars wild
Its waters green with slime;

There moccasins and reptiles vile
Held undisputed sway;
The days of fishing in that pond
Were passed and gone for aye.

“AUTOGRAPH.”

For Miss Caroline Stahl.

Some write for love, some write for pelf;
It matters not, each writes himself.
Or good or bad, or wheat or chaff,
'Tis all the same, an “Autograph.”

(I. F. C. Independence, Mo.)

TO THE GRADUATES OF 1873.

“Where is thy Home?”

'Tis not the humble cot in shadowy vale,
Tis not the mansion with its glittering wealth,
Nor yet the palace with its threatening towers;
Nor isle, nor vast extended continent.
Ah no, 'tis none of these. Not these my home;
Nor e'er can be; my home is not on Earth.
Some call her Mother Earth, and boast her wealth
Magnificent; but I am not her child,
I am a pilgrim here, and far from Home.

Nor is it in yon orb, the “God of Day;”
Men call him such, and such indeed he is.
When we compare him with this molecule,
This crust of matter which we call a world,

Well may we call him glorious God of Day,
And bow us down and do him reverence.
And yet, with all his glory, I would spurn
To look upon him as my Home. Ah no,
His light would pale, and he himself grow dim,
Beneath the light of those resplendent lamps
That hang encircled from my father's dome.

“Well, where then is thy Home?”--And wouldst thou know.
And wouldst thou see? Then go in the twilight hour
And look upon the deep blue vault of heaven.
Yes, look with steady eye and steadfast gaze,
Into the dread immensity of space.
Seest thou those thousand and ten thousand stars
That shine like diamonds in that arch of blue?
These are the lamps hung in my Father's grounds.
Seest thou those *nebulæ*, like thistle-down
Upon the wind, so high thought scarce can reach,
Much less the eye?—
These are the flowers that bloom around his door.
Seest thou that Milky Way, of worlds and worlds,
System of systems and systems yet untold,
Reaching far up and onward in their course,
Beyond the grasp of thought, beyond the limit
Of conception vast, yet on and upward still?
This is the flowery avenue that leads
Up to the vestibule of Heaven, 'long which
E'en now I see the angels as they come
To bring to me their messages from home.
And oft times there they linger 'mid those worlds,
And tell of mortal, with immortal soul,
Chained down to earth, imprisoned here in clay,

And longing to be free, to take his flight
Along this avenue, and wing his way to Heaven.

Dost think that I am far from Home? 'Tis far.
The distance beggars thought. The mind, in vain,
Runs out and reaches, then runs out again;
Places herself on mountain's topmost peak
Of distant star, and looks, then soars away
Out to the verge of thought; and stationed there
Looks upward still, and upward looking soars,
And soars and looks; till wearied by long flights,
And disappointed oft, she droops to earth,
Only to try the same task o'er again.
And yet it is not far. A few more days,
And may be years; a few more happy seasons
Such as this which we enjoy to-day,—and then—
The summons comes, the thread of life is snapped.
No fabled Hades there to stay my flight,
But up that avenue, like arrow from the bow,
Like lightning from the cloud, like thought itself,
The soul is sped, the angel shouts are heard,
The pearly gates are passed, and I—am—safe—at—Home.

And now—farewell:

We meet no more as we have met

And yet I would not be by you forgot;
One word to keep my place in memory yet,
One thought to whisper still, "Forget me not."

One little word in quiet evening hour,

When night o'er earth her mystic veil has cast,
One thought with talismanic power
To link me then with memories of the past.

This word is "Heaven;" and when in after years
The lone heart bows itself in fervent prayer,
Then look far out beyond those myriad spheres,
And think and know that I am waiting for you there.
Farewell. farewell.

(C. F. C., Pontotoc, Miss.)

FOR TOLLIE.

Up through that vast expanse of blue,
The dread immensity of space,
Beyond the reach of thought, yet true,
Unseen, unknown, there is a place,
The Glory Land.

It once was seen by one of old
In vision clear, in blissful dream;
So bright, so glorious, we are told
A seventh heaven it did seem,
That Glory Land.

Eye may not see, ear may not hear,
Nor mind conceive such height of bliss.
All else is dark, all else is drear,
Yes, deathlike when compared to this,
The Glory Land.

Tollie, 'tis hard from friends to sever,
To say farewell to those we love;
But we shall love and love forever,
Within the spirit-world above,
The Glory Land.

(Woodlawn F. C., Paris, Texas.)

FOR TENNIE.

O sweet enchantress, Poesy divine,
Spirit of innocence, of childhood's early years,
Come back again;
And in my Tennie's heart build me a shrine,
One which 'mid sunny smiles or dreary, shadowy tears,
Shall aye remain.

Let it be built of truth and holy love,
Wrought out by faith and inlaid all with precious gems
And purest gold;
With diamond spire of Hope, pointing above,
Reminding her of golden harps and diadems,
And joys untold.

Yea, come once more and touch for me that heart,
For fear the present, as so oft has been the past,
Be all forgot;
Stamp there my name as by love's magic art,
And 'neath it let these words in glory-light be cast,
"Forget me not."

Then when the future comes with all its train
Of memories of fondest hopes and brightest hours,
Once all her own;
When the fond heart would wander back again
Through the dim past, and conjure up those summer flowers,
Faded and gone.

Or else when blasted hopes and withered joys,
Like mistuned lute strings, echo through the vacant heart,
Nor ever cease;

When the lone spirit spurns these earthly toys,
Turns from these faded flowers, turns from the world apart,
To seek for peace:

Then whisper to her heart the name of one
Who sought to cast a ray of sunlight o'er her way.

Sweet spirit, lend

Thy gentle sway, that, when thus sad and lone,
She grant to me one loving thought, and kindly say:

"He was my friend."

(C. F. C., Pontotoc, Miss.)

FOR LEILA.

Yes, Leila, dear Leila, my dear little friend,
This life is a journey. the grave is its end;
And man is a pilgrim, and Heaven his goal;
And his promised reward is the life of the soul.
Then hasten we on over valley and mountain,
Nor loiter 'mid roses, nor linger by fountain,
Stay not.

Yes, hasten we onward, for short is the day,
The moments are passing, fast passing away.
Soon this journey of life with us will be o'er,
Soon the places that know us will know us no more;
Though the mountains be snow-clad, no guide-post, no mark,
Though the valleys be death-like, so dreary and dark,
Press on.

Yes, hasten we onward, for life flies apace;
And he who would win in this heavenly race,
Has no time to lose, not a moment to spare
From a life of devotion, of watching and prayer.
But upward and onward to the bright glory land,
Where the friends we've loved here in one happy band
We shall meet.

How sweet is the thought as we journey along,
Oft mingling the teardrop and sorrow's sad song
With the duties of life that devolve on us here;
How sweet then to think that loved spirits are near,
That they're urging us onward, and waiting the day
When, freed from this prison, they will bear us away
To the skies.

And sweet is the thought when together we start,
With hand joined in hand and heart joined in heart.
With hopes running high, with the future all bright
And glorious with haloes of love's mellow light.
When fate, in a moment, our pathways may sever,
And hearts, torn asunder; say farewell forever
On earth.

Oh, sweet is the thought at a moment like this,
That beyond this dark vale is a heaven of bliss,
Where each teardrop we've wept here, shall turn to a smile,
And each farewell that faded the lip for awhile,
Will be seen as a rainbow hung out in the sky
To remind us of friendships and loves that shall die
Nevermore.

Is this so? Then welcome the time when we too,
With torn hearts, shall whisper that sad word, adieu:
Though it come like a heart-throb without a relief,
Though it sweep o'er the soul like an ocean of grief,
Yet we'll heed not its power, we'll yield to it never;
For ere long we shall meet, once again and forever,
In Heaven.

C. F. C., Portotoc, Miss.

FOR MAYO.

And now to you, my Mayo dear,
I bid to you a sad farewell.
Would that as poet, prophet, seer,
Your future years I could foretell.

Adown Old Time's meandering stream
Some twenty, thirty years or more,
I spy a maid whose age doth seem
That magic number, just two score.

Yes charming forty. Who can tell
What myst'ries cluster round this joint,
This broken link, this weird spell,
Where time seems whittled to a point.

The sun may rise and set, and years
May glad flow on as glad they came;
She changes not, 'mid smiles or tears,
Her age remains for aye the same.

'Mid ruffs and puffs, 'mid trills and frills
And smiles that come like April showers;
And catnip tea and syrup squills,
Mingled with Balm of a thousand Flowers;

Oh, who can count the joys of life
That cluster round her, proud and haughty.
With air of queenly freshness rife,
And face that speaks her fair and forty!

Others grow old and fade away,
As joys depart, as woes betide;
She changes not, still does she stay,
Still lingers on the sunny side.

Is't you I see? Ah, so you say:
But I say not. Not such your fate.
For you there comes a happier day,
Or else the adage I misstate:—
“No goose so gray, but soon or late,
She'll find an honest, fond, and faithful mate.”

SENIORS, FAREWELL.

Seniors, farewell. Your task is done,
The battle fought, the victory won.
 The strife is o'er.
The toilsome day, the sleepless night,
The teacher's frown, the school-girl's fright,
 Will come no more.

The girlish romp, the merry play
The school-girl's joy, life's brightest day,
 Too bright to last;
The sunny hours, the fleeting years
Of joys and griefs, of smiles and tears;
 All, all are past.

The skies are bright, the coast is clear,
No waves, no breakers, now appear
 On life's smooth sea.
Heaven guide your course and grant it may
Be smooth, and bright, and glad, for aye.
 As now it seems to be.

“GRADUATED.”

(For Miss Mary High.)

I'm free, I'm free, as the bird of the air;
No one to govern, and no one to care;
When I say yes, no one to say no;
So “give me the reins and let me go.”

C. F. C., Pontotoc, Miss.

FOR “LALLE.”

(Opposite picture of Sunflower and broken stem.)

As the sunflower turns
 To the King of the day
And breathes from his beams
 The life-giving ray;
So, my daughter, your warm heart
 Should turn to the truth
And find in its bright beams
 The life of your youth.

Though the storm may sweep over,
Though clouds intervene,
Till the sun's light be hidden
His face be unseen;
Whether blue sky or storm,
Whether sunshine or shower,
'Tis one and the same
With this sun-loving flower.

"You may break, you may ruin"
The stem if you will,
Yet the sunflower turns
To its sun-god still.
So the fond heart, though crushed
Be the hopes of its youth,
Still turns with devotion
To the life-light of Truth.

W. F.C., Paris, Texas.

TO THE GRADUATES OF 1874.

(On their presentation of a vase of wax-flowers.)

Young ladies, be the cause whate'er it may,
That surely was for me a happy day
Which prompted you to this rich gift you've brought
Rather than one "that money might have bought."
No "silver vase richly with gold embossed,"
No "diamond set," no "gem of untold cost,"
Could half so much delight my eye to-day
As does this lovely, beautiful bouquet.

Through all my life long, ever since a child,
I've had a love for flowers.—A passion wild—
That knew no bound. There is a beauty there
That points the soul to Heaven; a fragrant air
That breathes of Heaven; a blush of youth,
Whispering of innocence, of love and truth;
One thing that has escaped the blight of sin,
One thing to tell what this earth would have been
But for this blight. Who can reveal the power
That's hidden in the beauty of a flower!
His soul is dead to all that's pure and bright,
Who reads not in its heaven enkindled light
Thoughts which a Deity has written there;
Lessons which angels with their utmost care,
Stoop down and study; study, and adore
The Great Prime Architect; and more and more,
As thus they trace his goodness in each line,
Enjoy the beauties of his work divine.

Ah yes, I love the flowers. The time has been
When they were mine in rich profusion; seen
In all their varied forms, on every hand,
Around my Sylvan Home. Our sunny land
Could boast no fairer spot, before the war
Drove us as exiles from our home afar.
But now I have no home; a tenant here,
My soul still cherishes to memory dear
The scenes of home. And o'er and o'er again
They crowding come in their long, lingering train,
And pass before my mind, a glittering throng
Of joys and pleasures, moonlight, love and song;

Of all that wealth could buy or art devise
To make my Sylvan Home a paradise.

But now not one is left; all, all are gone.
And had I power to call back one alone
And render it immortal, 'twould not be lands,
'Twould not be farm well tilled by faithful hands;
Not gilded show, nor pomp, nor wide domain;
Not wealth with all its boasted power to reign;
But give, oh give me back the happy hours
I've spent with those I love, amid the flowers.
So like a dream of Heaven, I fain would stay
And lengthen out to an eternal day.

Yes, yes, I love the flowers; and knowing this,
Your fairy fingers would supply the bliss
Which fate denies. I thank you for the gift.
When ties are sundered, when our barks are drift,
Scattered far out upon life's pathless main,
Oft shall I come and gather us again,
As we are gathered now, and ponder o'er
The features of my Class of 'Seventy-four.
For with these flowers will memory ever link
Each face, each form, each voice, each eye; nor think
That they have changed from what they are to-day.
I thank you for these flowers, so fresh, so gay,
So bright, so beautiful, so unlike art,
So like to Nature's self, the counterpart
Of a creative energy, a will
That needs but one thing to complete its skill,
And that the power of giving life. 'Tis well
They are enclosed, or 'twere not strange to tell

That those self-same "Hymetian bees" should come
And carry all my pretty wax-flowers home:
So like to Nature that this one defect,
The want of vital force, they'd scarce detect
Ere that your work they had again undone,
Marring the victory which your skill has won.

One thing there is more lovely than the flower;
One thing, and only one, that has the power
To rouse the very soul of man; to shake
The fetters from his palsied limbs; to wake
The echoes of that happy time, when first,
'Neath Eden's bower, upon his sight there burst
A flood of beauty such that all the earth
Seemed bathed in radiance of celestial birth.

At once the vision charmed his raptured sight;
His soul was all aglow, his eyes grew bright,
The color came and went from lip and cheek;
He would have spoken, but he could not speak:
All power of speech was gone. Entranced he knelt
Before a beauteous form: and as he felt
The touch of those light fingers, as he grasped
That soft white hand in his and fondly clasped
And pressed it to his lips,—methinks that there
And then the angels gathered round, with air
Of wonder and astonishment, to view
This acme of creation, something new;
Yes, new and strange, and ne'er before essayed;
The loveliest thing that God had ever made,
The face of woman. O beauteous Mother Eve!
In God's own image made, still does Heaven leave

Some traces of thy loveliness in these
Thy daughters ; some mysterious ways to please,
To charm us by the exercise of powers
Such that like Adam we forget the flowers
And kneel at woman's shrine. Thou Daughter Eve,
Who dost this rich inheritance receive,
Thou transcript of our Mother dear, couldst thou
But realize thy power as thus we bow
Before thee ! O could my words but tell
That mighty influence which with magic spell
Thou throwest around us ! mighty power to save
Or else to drag to an eternal grave ;
Leading us up this narrow path we tread,
Or luring down the highway of the dead ;
Angel of mercy, harbinger of joy ;
Or else a thing of naught, a gilded toy !
Help-meet for man, the apple that he ate
Thou gavest——
Pardon that thought ; but 'tis not yet too late
To make amends for all the harm you've done,
To bring back joy and peace beneath the sun,
To purify the earth, to banish every sin,
And woe and wretchedness, to usher in
The great millennium.——

Then rouse thee up,
O woman, to thy task. Drink of this cup
Of heavenly blessedness, and taste and know,
Of all the joys that flourish here below.
The sweetest, best, the purest, most divine,
Are found alone at Duty's humble shrine.

Kneel at her altar, lay thine offering there,
A consecrated heart, a life of prayer;
A mind inspired for aye with love of truth,
A soul to Wisdom wed in early youth;
A being, all in all, to Virtue given,
To Faith, to Love, to glorious Hope of Heaven.
Then shall the angels gather round again,
Then shall be heard that old seraphic strain,
That song of "Peace on earth, good-will to man,"
Whilst Heaven admiring much thy Christ-like plan
And noble work, will ring with joy meanwhile,
And God will bless thee with approving smile.

Yes, rouse thee to thy work, lead forth the van;
And solve at once the destiny of man.
"Beauty," the magic wand to which he bows,
"Beauty," the shrine at which he makes his vows,
"Beauty," the talisman, with magic art,
That sways the every fleeting of his heart.
Beauty's the charm.—Yet not in sparkling eyes,
Nor ruby lips, this charm of beauty lies.
Not in the marble brow, nor silken hair;
Not in the fairy form, nor sylph-like air;
Not in the dimpled cheek, nor smiling face;
Not in enchanting voice, nor winning grace:
'Tis not in one alone, nor all of these,
That thou wilt find this mystic power to please.
But in the soul, the living, speaking soul,
That lives in these, that rules with sweet control,
That speaks through eye and lip, through form and air,
Shedding its genial influence everywhere;

Till every feature glows with living thought,
 Till every gentle influence comes unsought,
 And Life itself is all one sparkling gem
 Dropped from the great Creator's diadem.

Oh then, this soul power seek; search for this pearl
 Of greatest price. The gospel-flag unfurl;
 And scatter round thy pathway jewels bright,
 Faith, Hope and Charity, with love of right
 And fear of wrong.—Be foremost in the strife
 For Truth and Virtue. So shalt thou make thy life
 A thing of Beauty. So this mystic spell
 Within thine eye and lip shall ever dwell,
 Until thy very being will be seen
 To be a gem of Beauty, pure, serene;
 And the Great Master will ere long stoop down,
 Take up this gem and place it in His crown.
 Oh, happiness complete! no more to sever,
 "A thing of Beauty there,—a joy forever."

Postscript:

Dear girls. I send you all of "poetry" a bit,
 The speech that ought to have been "rote," but was not "writ,"
 And hence could not be "spoke," but proved a mighty "flat,"
 A logarithmic surd.—But never mind all that,
 Let's talk of something else. "Did ever you see an owl?"
 He has most monstrous eyes, and wears a monstrous scowl.
 Puts on a monstrous frown, and looks most monstrous wise,
 And yet can't say a thing but "hoo." I do despise,
 To see a man—but this is not my theme. "One time"
 There was a man brimful of "blank" verse and of rhyme:
 Some called it poetry; he knew 'twas only "hash."
 And hence he dealt out sparingly his "succotash."
 Sometimes his feelings would flow out in form of ink,
 But then it took him half-a-day or so to think;

And what care we for this slow-plodding, lingering thought?
It is not worth a pinch of snuff. It may be bought
At half a groat per hundred weight. And then 'tis light
As chaff; so when you've bought, you're in the pickled plight
Of him who bought the elephant: you do not know
What disposition best to make of your great show.
And so to while the time, and save yourself a bore,
You hand it to your visitor and count him o'er
Its beauties; and this done, no other ruse so cheap,
You leave him there to read, and soon he's fast asleep.

Ah well, his rhymes have done some good. Could he but know
How much, instead of eking drop by drop, they'd flowed
In streams of ocean width; they'd cover o'er the land,
Removing pain and want as by a magic wand;
They'd soothe the sorrows, calm the passions wild and deep,
And like a gentle opiate, put all the world to sleep.

Poor man, he does not know all this, but vainly tries
To rouse the world. On hobbling Pegasus he hies
From peak to peak; yes, comes out on the public stage
And cries aloud, "You'd scarce expect one of my age."
Then soars aloft, nor ever thinks nor fears to tire,
Until alas, he finds himself deep in the mire.
Poor moth! he sports around a dazzling, luring flame,
Courts his own death and ends his life in shame.
Well, be it so. This world somehow is strangely planned;
Or else has grown perverse, since by divine command
It first came forth from "nothing". For in some respects
It made but narrow leap. Who to this thought objects,
Needs but look out upon the emptiness of fame,
Needs see the utter nothingness of worldly name,
Of pomp, of power, of wealth, of proud magnificence.
Of all the world considers great; and reasoning hence
He must conclude, unless his mind too be perverse
And judgment biased by sin's all-pervading curse,
He must decide that little do these things progress
Beyond the state of their primeval nothingness.

Then turn we back from such a phantom goal as this,
And with the eye of faith look to our home of bliss
Beyond the grave. There all is real, all is life;
No empty bubbles there, no scene of endless strife
About that soul-entangling question, "Who shall be
The greatest?" No, but there the soul's capacity
Will be the only measure of its happiness.
There each will have soul-full of bliss; nor more, nor less,
Than serves to work out his superlative delight.
If here on earth his soul has oft indulged in flight
To Heaven, lived in anticipation of its joys,
Longed to be free from sin with all its hindering cloy,
To put on holiness, to live the life divine,
To imitate the virtues which forever shine
In Deity Supreme; if such his life has been,
Ah then, for him, ear hath not heard, eye hath not seen,
Nor hath it entered once into the mind of man,
The joys God has ordained in His all wondrous plan
Of vast Eternity. Then let us battle on;
And when the storm-clouds lower, and when all hope seems gone,
Then let us look up heavenward, from earth away,
And feast our souls on pleasures that will ne'er decay.
Thus when the battle's o'er, and when this life is riven,
With souls expanded and affections trained for Heaven,
Far, far, beyond the realms of thought we'll soar,
And peace and happiness be ours forevermore.
(C. F. C. Pontotoc, Miss.)

TO MAY, WITH "PARADISE LOST."

Read carefully this book, my dearest May;
Nor only read, but study it with care:
Ponder the words and cull the thoughts of him
Who ranks the first upon the roll of fame.
Perchance the unmeasured height to which he soars,
May elevate your thoughts, enlarge your mind,
And lead you onward to his glory-world,
Compared with which this earth is but a mote
In far-off light of God's Eternal Throne.

Ah, if this glory-land be but a dream,
A picture drawn by Fancy's magic art,
Still let me dream my three score years and ten,
And dying dream on to the happy end.
Or if the sight of this earth interfere,
If naught but sightless eyeballs can secure
This glory-vision to my raptured soul;
Then welcome, gladly welcome, red-hot brand,
Disease, old age, aught else, it matters not,
That takes my sight, so I but be thus blessed.

Here then my choice. If this earth be the end,
If there be naught beyond; if hopes be false,
If fond anticipations all be vain,
If life at last must end in endless death;

Still let me dream of Heaven ; still let me live
'Neath rapturous visions of that spirit world :
I'd rather spend my life in dream of Heaven,
Than reap in one all joys of Earth combined.

(Hope, Ark.)

THE FIRST SUNSET.

A lump of clay, a mass of sordid earth,
A lifeless thing in human form, man lay ;
When God breathed into him the breath of life,
And full developed in God's image fair,
He walked abroad the earth, a living soul :
Saw there, with admiration and delight,
The kindred beauties of the world create :
The hills, the vales, the towering forests all,
The limpid streams that murmured 'neath the shades ;
Slaked there his thirst ; on his own image gazed
In their clear depths, and wondered what he was,
And whence he came. Then plucked the fragrant flowers
That grew upon the brink ; and kneeling there,
Poured forth his heart's devotion to his God.
He strayed amid the groves of hanging fruits,
And listened to the song of warbling birds
That fluttered round, as if for him alone
They poured their carols forth ; while roaming beasts,
Both great and small, all gathered round him there,
Each waiting in its turn his fondling hand,
His soft caress, as glad their lord to own.

Meanwhile the glorious sun, the god of day,
His rapid course around the earth has sped;
And now, at eve, he slowly sinks away,
Behind the hill-tops of the distant west.
Bright clouds attend his pathway through the sky,
To bid farewell to earth, to shower down
In varied hue his last, faint, lingering ray:
And he is gone.—

But admiration now to wonder grows;
Wonder, in turn, to fear gives way; and fear
Becomes ere long a dread reality.
The song of bird, the hum of bee, is hushed;
The sportive beasts seek their accustomed lairs;
A deep, sad, dreary stillness deathlike broods
O'er nature's work; and all is still and lone.
The man o'erpowered by sense of loneliness,
Gazes into the deep, dark vault of heaven,
And sees the myriad worlds that mock him there.
Lost in conjecture and in doubt, he thinks;
But thinks in vain. His mind is giving way.
His powers of sight and motion too are gone.
He rouses up, he struggles to the last;
But all in vain: till yielding to despair,
He gives up life, and lays him down "to die."
There happily he falls asleep,—

He sleeps and nature seems in sympathy.
The perfume of the flowers distills around
His bed. The trembling leaves above his head,
Bespangled with the dews of eve, reflect

The diamond light of twinkling stars that shine
For the first time upon the couch of man.
He sleeps; that is, his body sleeps, naught else;
For angels gather round the sleeping form,
And hold communion with the soul divine.

He sleeps: but all things else move on the same.
The watching stars their nightly course have run;
The morn with lurid beams illumines the east,
And tells that night, that first dread night, is past.
Anon a gleam of joy breaks o'er the earth
And wakens all to light and life again.

A sunbeam falls across the sleeper's face
And rouses him from so-called "death" once more.
He rises from his would-be "grave," his bed
Of violets 'neath the clambering vines:
Looks up once more upon the glorious sun,
Breathes once again the pure, life-giving air,
And lists again the joyous song of birds:
Then kneels and consecrates himself to God.
Yes, starts anew the life before him set,
Resolved henceforth to lead a daily life;
Each day to meet the duties of that day,
And trust the rest to God.—

Reader, a lesson here for you and me.
This day, this part of time we call "a life,"
Of three score years and ten, will soon be run.
Its sun, e'en now, has past the zenith sped,
And slowly sinks to the far distant west.
The night of "death," the would-be "grave" is nigh;

The hum of busy life dies on the ear,
And a dread stillness settles over all.
We call it "death;" and when to us it comes,
We clasp our hands and close our eyes, and say,
"Vain world, farewell;" and friends say, "He is dead."
They gather round with tears and sobs and cries,
And bear us to our resting place, the grave.
Gently they lay us there beneath the sod:
With trembling hands and aching hearts they throw
The cold, damp earth upon our sleeping form;
Then scatter flowers to moulder o'er the grave,
Fit emblem of the memory of man.
And we are dead. Life's sun has set. The joys
And sorrows of its checkered day are past.
Its clouds and sunshine greet the eye no more:
Its joys, its tears, its labors, its rewards,
Are numbered with the things that were, but now
Are not. Dead! Dead!—

But see! the morning dawns! the glory-sun
Breaks forth from night, and with immortal beams
Scatters the darkness from the earth away.
A trump is heard; it wakes the sleeping "dead;"
And from their beds they rise to welcome this,
The Resurrection Morn.—

Mother and daughter meet, father and son,
Husband and wife, friends and companions all;
All hail the coming of this glorious morn,
All join in songs of gratitude and praise,
Of love and adoration justly due
To Father, Son, and Spirit, three in one.

And as their songs and praises rend the sky,
Archangels, seraphs, ministers of God,
Catch the deep melody and bear it on
Till the vast universe of God becomes
One great cathedral: every arch and hall
Filled with eternal anthems of God's praise,
That burst spontaneous from the souls of earth,
As thus they hail this Resurrection Morn.

Enough: it is enough. God speed the time
When we shall join that immortal throng;
When the brief space of time called "death" is past,
And we begin the second day of Life.

Farewell, my friend, may be we meet no more
Till that great day upon the earth has dawned.
It matters not, so we but fill this day
With love and truth, with humble faith in Christ,
With earnest hopes, with thoughts and words and deeds,
Which in God's time shall ripen into fruits
Fit for the Master's use; and so shall hear
At last, those blessed words, "Well done, well done,
Thou faithful servant of the Lord, Come home."
It is enough.—Reader, farewell.

FOR BIRDIE.

Short is the time since first we met,
And soon we part to meet no more:
Say, shall we all the past forget,
Nor ever count its pleasures o'er.

Onward will press the flood of years,
Drifting life's bark like painted toy,
At sometimes freighted down with tears
At others brimming o'er with joy.

Say, as we float upon the tide,
Far severed on life's shoreless sea,
No more to sail thus side by side,
Say, will you ever think of me?

When memory, that mysterious link,
The future with the past entwines,
Say, Birdie, will you sometimes think
Of him who for you pens these lines?

If so, then 'tis enough. Farewell.
Though far apart our barks be driven,
When comes at last death's gathering knell,
God grant that we may meet in heaven.

THE LAST SUNSET.

Hail, beauteous Day, thou brightest, cloudless morn!
Hail, beauteous Spring, from lap of winter born!
The dreary snows are gone, the storms are o'er,
December's chilling blasts are feared no more.
The earth with verdure is again o'erspread;
The flowers this long while numbered with the dead,
And forests by the icy storm-king riven,
Are smiling once again 'neath light of heaven.

Hail, lovely earth, bedecked with fruits and flowers,
Waked to new life by sunshine and by showers!
Thy fruits, thy waving corn and golden grain,
Herald with joy: "Glad summer comes again."

The husbandman, heart buoyed with eager hope,
Measures his full reward in all its scope;
And granaries large, in fancy overfilled,
Hastes to tear down and larger ones to build.

The merchant too, led on by fitful dream,
Forgetting that things are not what they seem,
Seeks out whereby to add to wealth untold,
Gathers his stores and hordes his sordid gold.

Here, bride and groom, with fancied visions wild,
By hope of long prosperity beguiled,
Of wedded bliss, of happiness the sum,
Lay plans of pleasure for long years to come.

Here, two affianced, like a pair of doves
Still bill and coo, and tell again their loves:
The same old tale, though oft-times told and well,
Yet eager listen and as eager tell.

Here, the young student with his eyes dilate
Gazes upon enchantment's open gate,
And scans the rugged path up to the crown
Of fame, of honor, glory and renown.

While here, the little child, like tender flower,
Looks out on life as one long summer-hour:
Reaches its tiny arms to take the moon,
Or chases butterflies from morn till noon.

Fathers and mothers are but children too,
Reach out for moons as other children do,
Run after butterflies in life-long chase;
Oft baffled, they as oft renew the race.

Oh, lovely earth! home of immortal men:
Know-nothings all, yet of infinite ken;
Immortal, and yet dying day by day;
Born but to die, yet living on for aye.

Oh, restless man! whose race is never run;
Forever doing, and yet never done;
The more he has, the more he yet does crave,
'Tis toil, toil, from cradle to the grave.

So the Last Sunset comes to him at length,
And finds him toiling with his utmost strength,

Planning and building as in days of old,
Digging and delving, hoarding up his gold.
Then hies him to his couch when day is o'er,
Planning the morrow how he'll hoard the more.

The morrow comes; but with a glory light
'Neath which sun, moon, and stars fade into night;
For east, west, north, or south, 'tis all the same,
A flood of light as of celestial flame:
Light so intense reveals the forms in air,
Angels, archangels, spirits everywhere.
Above, around, self-poised, self-moved, self-willed,
Beings with whom the realms of space seem filled,
Now here, now there, yet neither walk nor fly,
Like thought they move, like twinkle of the eye,
From heaven to earth they vanish to and fro,
Like visions of the night they come and go.

When list, a trump is heard; its clarion notes
Ring out through heaven. Its music floats
O'er earth and sea, calling the dead to rise
And meet the great Messiah in the skies.
At once they come; while forms of men
In twinkling of an eye are changed, and then
All gather at the trumpet's call. When, lo!
The heavens blaze with a resplendent glow;
As myriad hosts of angels gather round,
The mighty vault of space seems filled with sound.
Like rush of mighty waters as they pour
Over the cataract, or like the roar
Of ocean lashed to rage by winter storm,
These myriad hosts together come, and form
A phalanx reaching to the Great White Throne.

Another trump; scarce seems a moment flown;
A distant trump: the phalanx opens wide
A highway through its ranks, as, side by side,
They form an avenue from earth to heaven.

The voice of praise breaks forth, the heavens are riven
As with the earth from sight they fade away,
And the whole universe seems filled with Day:
A Day that knows no night, eternal noon,
Not reflex light like that of silvery moon,
Nor radiate light like that of golden sun;
Not light that may be seen at all, but one
That must be felt; that fills alike all space,
Through all transfluent; so that like the face
The inner life doth shine. No secrets there.
All thought, all feeling, clear and pure as air.
There needs no speech, no voice, no language sign;
But by an intuition, like divine,
Into the soul communications come.
Of Light the essence and of Day the sum,
Such day is this which from The Great White Throne
Bursts forth, as Christ, the King, his church to own,
From Heaven comes down. The Church, his promised bride
For whom as man he came to earth and died,
The Church, the bride, in robe of spotless white
Awaits her king; and with this coming light,
Rises on high to meet him in the air,
And so to be with him forever there.

Now soft and sweet the music floats on high,
Of voices tuned to Angel minstrelsy:
Such soft sweet strains of music as are meet
When comes a king his royal bride to greet.

But when the crown is placed upon her brow,
Such shout as ne'er was heard in heaven till now
Rings out, peal after peal, peal after peal,
Till the glad power all nature seems to feel.
Heaven's center on its mighty pillars shakes,
And Hell beneath to its foundation quakes.—
And well: for in that one glad shout is told,
To all God's universe, that story old
Of Babe of Bethlehem. Now, King of Kings,
Up to his throne his loving bride he brings,
Mortal has put on Immortality,
And death is swallowed up in Victory.

Enough. Sun, moon, and stars are all forgot.
Time is no more. Time was, but now is not.
Years, ages, cycles, all have passed away,
And now begins the one eternal Day.

FOR NANNIE.

(Opposite picture of Carrier Dove.)

In after years when you are sad and lone,
The friends of other days perchance all gone,
And e'en their names forgot;
My spirit like this carrier dove shall come
Back to its resting place, its long-loved home,
And whisper then, "Forget me not."

LITTLE WHITE VIOLET.

(An Allegory.)

As I wandered, homeward wandered
On my pathway through the forest,
Near I spied, within a rock-rent
'Neath the over-hanging mountain,
Crystal spring of purest water
Trickling from its mossy bed.

Overhead a graceful holly
Dense and dark with crowded branches
Set with ever-living foliage,
All the rock-rift overshadowed.
And a vine of lovely jessamine
Twined around this graceful holly,
Twined among the waving branches;
Intermingled with the foliage,
Crowning all with golden clusters
Of the brightest, sweetest flowers;
Till the air was filled with sweetness,
Filled with fragrance of the flowers.

Any wonder that I tarried?
Every morning, every noonday,
Tarried in this wildwood Eden,
In this dream of Paradise:
Rested in this cozy alcove,
From the dreary, dusty pathway,

Till in time the o'ershading holly
And the sweetly blooming jessamine
Came to know me as their friend.
Any wonder that I tarried?

Hiding in this lovely Eden
Was a tiny violet;
White and pure as crystal snowflake,
Feather from an angel wing,
Peering through the grassy carpet,
Peeping through the moss-clad surface,
Smiling at the bright blue sky.

If on earth there is a relic
Of man's innocence primeval,
Ere that sin had marred his features—
If on earth there be such emblem,
'Tis this modest little flower.

Any wonder that I loved it?
That I knelt me there beside it?
Every morning knelt beside it,
Kissed the dew from off its petals,
Drank the fragrance of its breath?
Yes, and oft at sultry noontide,
From the dusty pathway turning,
There I sat me by this flower;
Sat and gazed upon its beauty,
Studied its angelic beauty,
Light of Heaven sent down to me:
Light of Heaven, a Father's message
Sent to erring son of earth.

For it told the wondrous story
Of the Absolute Infinite,
Who weighs mountains in a balance,
Measures the ocean in a span,
And yet marks the sparrow's fall.
And it told of gentle Shepherd
Fondling lambkins in his arms;
And yet caring for the wanderer,
For the lost one from the sheepfold.
Searches through the mountain jungle,
Searches through the desert by-ways,
Takes him fondly to his bosom
Bears him back to home and heaven.
Any wonder that I loved it?

But a change came o'er my pathway;
For an April storm swept over:
Gathered thicker, gathered darker,
Swept across the trembling forest;
And the mighty rock was rended,
And the holly-tree was shaken,
And the jessamine vine was blighted,
And—the violet—was—dead.

Bring the casket; bring white flowers,
Place them in her tiny fingers;
Lay her 'neath the green grass carpet;
Lay her 'neath the moss-clad surface;
Earth she is—to earth returneth:—
Little Beryl—comes—no—more.

God of Mercy, Holy Spirit,
Comforter of human hearts,

Wilt thou lead us through this darkness?
Wilt thou guide us with thine eye?
Take us by the hand and lead us,
Lead us through this life-long darkness,
Upward to thy glory mansion;
There we'll find our little Beryl,
There we'll find our angel one.

(H. F. C., Hope, Ark.)

BINGEN ON THE MINE.

A teacher of the Legion was teaching in Algiers.
There were lots of women's troubles, there was flood of
woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside her to hear what she would say,
As her voice now feebly faltered and her tear-drops ebbed
away.
For these tear-drops washed their furrows through the rouge
and dimples red,
Leaving there a deathly paleness, — as she took his hand and
said:
“The edict has been issued; and to-morrow morn at nine
Meets the Institute at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Mine.
“There my brothers and my sisters all will meet and crowd
around
To tell their gladsome stories, on the pleasant college
ground,

Of the battles, bravely fought, of the duties nobly done,
Of the weary homeward marching with the slowly setting
sun:

And 'mid that throng there will be one, not yet grown old
in war,

Who now this edict issues calling us from near and far,
Calling us to meet together and our wisdom to combine,
Yes, to meet with him at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Mine.

“Yes my brothers and my sisters all will meet and crowd
around,

And myself, of all the Legion, the only one not found
In that literary throng. Then what is life to me-e-e
If with my brothers and my sisters I never more can
be-e-e?”

(And the tears ebbed forth afresh.) Then that comrade tried
to speak,

As he wiped away the tear-drops and the color from her
cheek;

And round her form his manly arm did lovingly entwine,
For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Mine.

“Nay, weep not so, fair lady; in the happy days gone by
You have known a life of merriment that sparkles in your
eye:

By nature made for coquetry and fond of idle scorning,—
Oh friend, I fear the heaviest heart makes sometimes light-
est mourning.—

Then cheer you up, my lady fair, and ere the sun be risen
My buggy shall be at the gate and you be out of prison.
At twelve o'clock, I pledge my word, to-morrow you shall
dine

On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Mine.”

They saw the blue Mine sweep along; they heard, not
seemed to hear,
The splash and splatter of the mud in chorus wild and drear,
As across some boggy bottom, or up some sticky hill,
The brattling buggy sounded through that long day, calm
and still;
And her bright black eyes were on him, as they tugged with
friendly talk,
Down many a sloshy valley, in a slow, poke-easy walk;
And her little hand in his, as the moon began to shine
They drove up into Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Mine.

There were present of the Legion but a very select few;
And “conspicuous by his absence” was superintendent Q;
For la grippe had him in limbo, and he couldn’t get away;
So the teachers of the Legion will meet some other day.—
And again the moon rose slowly, and calmly she looked
down
On two, struggling back to Algiers,—to that gulley-riven
town;—
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to
shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Mine.

P. S.

The reader will please bear constantly in mind, that the correct pronunciation of this name is “Binjin,” it being an original and aboriginal contraction of “Big Injen, Too Muchee.”

Columbus, Ark.

KAIULANI.

'Mid the Islands of Hawaii,
'Mong the Mountains and the Forests,
'Mong the Valleys and the Streamlets;
Where the Moonbeams love to loiter;
Where the Southern Breezes linger
With their stores of sweetest fragrance,
Stores of perfumes, and aromas
From the tropic fruits and flowers;
Through the Orange Groves and Palm Trees,
Through her native Heaths and Wildwoods,
'Neath the Banyan and the Cocoa,
Roamed a lovely Child of Nature,
Lovely Princess Kaiulani.

Hers the light step of a fairy;
Light and airy, free and graceful;
With the movement of a goddess,
O'er her native Isles she roamed.

Hers the spirit of an angel,
With no thought of harm or danger,
Free from envy, free from malice,
Innocent herself of evil,
She suspected none in others.

Thus were spent the years of childhood,
In her home among the islands;
Home of Superhuman beauty,
Where the Works and Wealth of Nature
Supplemented those of Art.

In the shadow of the Mountains
Of the great and grand old Mountains,
With their dark and shadowy Craters,
'Neath the Palm trees and the Wildwoods
'Neath the wide-spread, shadowy Banyan,
Stood the Palace of her fathers.

Here she spent the years of childhood
That endeared her to her people.
Wheresoe'er her footsteps wended,
There they were to watch and tend her,
Ready ever to befriend her.
Thus she grew to know them singly,
Thus she learned to love them fondly,
Met them ofttimes by the wayside,
In their cottages and cabins;
Listened to their wondrous stories
Telling of her Grandsire's prowess,
Of his wisdom, of his glories,
Kamahamaha, the Mighty.

Then her father, loving father,
Fondly doting on his daughter,
Doting on his only daughter,
Gave her books and gave her pictures,
Trained her mind, her heart, her body;

Aided by her faithful tutors,
Cultured every childish impulse,
Till she grew to be a treasure,
True and trusting, bright and happy.

Then her mother's only sister,
Reigning Queen o'er all these Islands,
Took the happy little creature,
Named her Princess Kaiulani;
Made her Heiress of the Kingdom,
Heir apparent of Hawaii.
Bright and happy Kaiulani,
Thus her childhood sped away,

Then to Europe Lord and Lady,
Prince and Princess, Queen and Empress,
From the lowest to the highest
Greet her coming, bid her welcome;
Welcome to the social circle,
Welcome to the family circle,
Welcome to the school and college,
Welcome, gentle Kaiulani.

Years roll on, the graceful maiden
Grows up now to womanhood.
Bright, refined, and educated;
Neat, polite: in all things fitted
For the great life-work before her;
She looks forward with a longing,
Earnest longing for the coming
Of the happy time appointed
For her joyous Coronation.

All the Islands are in raptures
Mirth and joy, and festive gatherings,
Loud proclaim the welcome tidings
Of the coming of the Princess.
Yes, she's coming to her people,
To her own beloved people,
Heir-apparent to the throne.

But a change comes o'er the scene.
Change of dark and threatening import,
Change of gloom and death foreboding,
Change as dark and unexpected
As will be at Day of Judgment,
When before the Great Tribunal
There will stand in awe and silence
Every man to hear his doom.

Yes, a change came o'er the scene;
Change the young girl ne'er had dreamed of,
Change she had no cause to think of
Much less, reason to expect.

Armored ships in line of battle
Anchored off her Island shore;
Armored men with bristling bayonets,
Drums all beating, flags all flying,
Landed on her Island shore.

Vain were all expostulations,
Vain were tears, vain all entreaties;
Home of fathers, home of childhood,
Spare, oh spare my Island Home!
All in vain. Their only answer
Came back coldly; this: "We want it."

Is it real? Am I dreaming?
God of Heaven, can this be so?

Vain were all her plaintive pleadings
'Mong the various Christian nations.
Sure it was a Christian nation,
First and foremost Christian nation,
First of all the Christian nations,
Seized upon and took her kingdom.
Sons of Christian Missionaries
Took away the throne and scepter
Of a weak, defenseless woman;
What the Cross had failed to accomplish,
With Mohammed's sword they finished.
God have mercy on the Christians.

Well, 'tis done. The crime's recorded
In the Great Book of the Future.
When shall come the Final Judgment
When that Great Book shall be opened,
When the hearts, the thoughts, the intents,
When the purposes and wishes
All designs and secret plannings,
Each stands forth in light of day;
Then these questions will be settled,
Each receive his own reward.

But the unsuspecting Princess,
Gentle, child-like Kaiulani,
Sad at heart, and sore dejected,
Hopes all blasted, disappointed,
To her lonely home retiring,
Broken-hearted, passed away;

Faded like the drooping flowret
When the scorching sun-rays wither
Life and beauty, which if tended
By some kindly ministration,
Might have been to earth a model,
And a blessing to mankind.

Passed away; and soon the story
Of her life will be forgotten
And 'tis well. God made it so.

God have pity on that human
Who, with heart devoid of feeling,
Sympathy to him a stranger;
Who, to cloak wrongs of a nation,
Or for any other purpose,
Would descend to depth so low
As to mar the Princess' title
As to cloud her life of beauty
As to cast e'en slightest shadow
On this fair girl's life and station;
God have pity on his poor soul.

But to those who knew her truly,
Those who watched her 'long life's pathway'
Those who saw the bud unfolding
Into beauteous womanhood;
To us, there is a precious relic,
One which time can never tarnish
One which ne'er can fade away.

Yes, the life, the love, the beauty,
Of this God-blessed child of Nature,

Of this lovely Christian maiden,
O'er the earth has left a radiance,
On the heart has left an impress,
Which shall never pass away.

And when comes the glory-morning,
Seraphs, cherubs, angels gathering
'Round the Great White Throne in Heaven,
All will welcome Kaiulani.

THE LAST SABBATH BELL.

I.

Solemnly, mournfully,
The tolling is past;
For the Curfew Bell
Has tolled its last.

Uncover the embers
And kindle the light,
Joy comes with the morn
After a sleepless night.

Bright grow the heavens,
All radiant with day,
And the dark shades of night
Have aye passed away.

Deep trills the echo
Of music and song,
From angelic voices
Of a myriad throng,

Who join in the chorus
This day to install,
"Blest Immortality
Reigns over all."

II.

Joyfully, joyfully,
Swell upon swell,
Come the deep tones
Of the last Sabbath Bell:

Echo on echo
From star back to star,
Cheerfully, cheerily,
Rolling afar,

Filling with melody
Heaven's high dome;
List to its deep tones,
"Come, Come, oh Come."

From North, from South,
From East, and from West,
Are gathering now
The souls of the blest.

Yes, angels of Heaven
And spirits of air,
With the spirits of earth,
Are gathering there.

List their glad song,
"Life's duties are done;
Hail the blest morn,
The Sabbath's begun."

Then waken the echo
 And pour forth the soul.
And oceans of harmony
 Forever will roll,
Will fill the broad sweep
 Of Infinity's shore,
To be lost in the past
 No more, nevermore.
Till world upon world
 Taking up the sweet strain,
And age after age
 Sending back the refrain,
Will waft the glad echo
 Through Heaven's great hall,
"Blest Immortality
 Reigns over all."

III.

Then close up the book
 Till that last great day;
For the hand that now writes it
 Shall be laid away;
And the thoughts that now fill it
 Forgotten shall lie,
Like leaves of the forest,
 To wither and die.
Yet think of this truth
 Ere the story be told:
Though the windows be darkened
 And the hearth-stone be cold,

Though darker and darker
The black shadows fall,
Yet, "Blest Immortality
Reigns over all."

Though the darkness be death-like,
It will soon pass away ;
And then will begin
That glorious day,

When the hand that now writes,
With life will grow warm ;
And these thoughts will come back
Immortal in form.

Life's hopes and its joys,
E'en its tenderest ties,
E'en the friendship scarce formed
Ere 'tis severed and dies ;

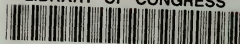
All these will come back
Like waves to the strand,
To glad the blest soul
In that spirit land.

Then with joy let us bid
To earth a farewell,
And be all gathered home
By the last Sabbath Bell.

(In Mrs. Gaillard's Album, "Sabbath Bells," Pontotoc, Miss.)

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